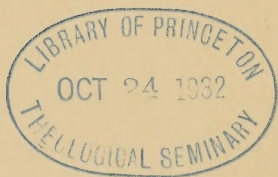


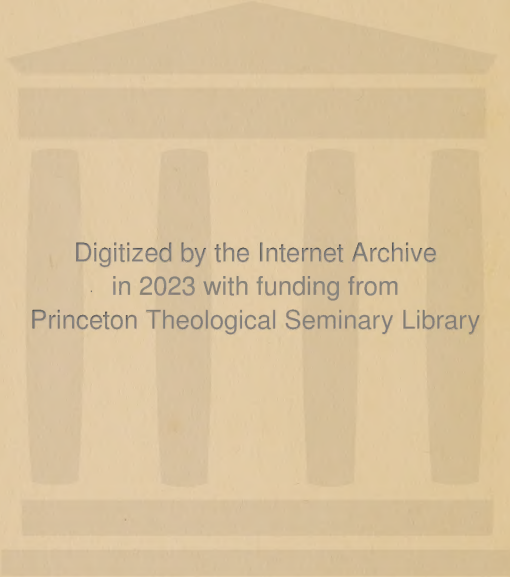
The
INTERPRETER'S
HOUSE

CHARLES NELSON PACE

P.T.R.



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The interpreter's house



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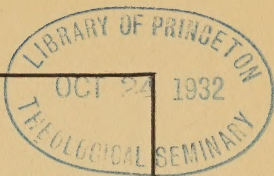
BRING HIM TO ME
A CANDLE OF COMFORT
HEAR YE HIM
THE PASSION OF HERMAN
PICTURES THAT PREACH

✓
The
Interpreter's
House

By ✓
CHARLES NELSON PACE



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Concerning
THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE
and
THE MODERN PURITAN
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SCIENCE
THE CHANGED EMPHASIS
THE NEW JERUSALEM
A WALL OF FIRE
A RIVER THAT RUNS UPHILL
CHANGING THE TIMES
THE FRONTIERS OF LIFE
THE FINE ART OF LIVING

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WHEN John Bunyan went to jail in Bedford it was for more than "thirty days." He was imprisoned twelve years. He might have had liberty by the sacrifice of his convictions. This he refused because he was a part of that Puritan group who honored their conscience as their king.

The soul of John Bunyan was free. It fared forth in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He saw Christian traveling from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion, from the Slough of Despond to the Delectable Mountains. He charted the journey and noted its delights and dangers.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is the greatest piece of imaginative writing

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in English literature. This famous allegory caught hold of the religious consciousness of that time and has held through decades the attention and fascination of millions. In our modern accent on the social teachings of the gospel we may not accept it as a final or complete statement of Christian obligation, but practically we find ourselves passing through the experiences that Bunyan describes.

Life is a journey. We are all traveling the same way. The procession moves irresistibly. We toddle out of the cradle and at last stumble into the grave. Between those spots our steps cover vast distances and experiences. The dancing, running feet of youth, the firm tread of maturity with its work to do, faltering steps when perplexity comes, hurrying footfalls that tell of eager joy or stirring ambition, all are a part

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of this journey of life. Often problems arise. Which way shall we take? At times it seems a thoroughfare and again a long, long trail a-winding to the land of our dreams. On occasion we may be a part of the "madding crowd" and again we may be called upon to walk in solitary loneliness. Here are dazzling lights, and there it is night with sable covering, or even the day is filled with the white darkness of the uncertain fog. There are signs, detours, crossroads. "Life is so hard to understand," we say and in saying it voice what multitudes have felt.

There are the personal problems of each life and the problems that break upon us from the social complex of our times. What confusion! We hear the strident voices of false prophets. We are offered schemes that are chimerical. Panaceas for

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unrest promise much and produce little. What shall we believe? How shall we distinguish the will-o'-the-wisp arising from a miasmic swamp of despair from the distant beacon light that shines from some headland of truth?

"I went into the sanctuary of God—then understood I," said David. Here is the place for the solution of life's problems, direction for its confusion, relief for its weariness and guilt! Worry disappears in worship. The sanctuary is an Interpreter's House on the highway of life.

David liked to go to church. When deprived of it he cried out in his loneliness: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

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Then he envied the swallows and sparrows which had built their nests near the altars. How many feel this passion for worship to-day? There are churches where sparrows still build their nests. Members of the church have been known to imitate the disposition of the sparrows, but few are jealous of their residence! Churchgoing is not one of the pronounced characteristics of our day. There is not a church in America that has not felt this deflection of interest in the last twenty-five years. Once Sunday was the "holy Sabbath," now it is the "week end."

Where is the crowd? You will find a considerable number at some of the other stopping places that Bunyan noted in the journey of his Christian pilgrim.

Some of the people are at the Palace Beautiful. Christian once de-

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sired to secure lodging there. Nowadays they are building additions to it to accommodate the applicants for quarters. Its capacity is taxed. There are multitudes who have given themselves over to this comfortable philosophy of life. Having found lodging here why press on with the journey? A place of material plenty seems so satisfactory. A nice home, steady income, security against—what? The Palace Beautiful may be built to keep out the rain but not trouble. The lock can be turned against robbers and mendicants, but death can open the door and walk in. The walls may be ever so thick, but they will not prevent the entrance of sin and sorrow. And where shall the soul go that is baffled and beaten even though it lives in material luxury? There is only one place to secure a right interpretation of the meaning of posses-

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sions and that is in the sanctuary of God.

Some have gone to Vanity Fair. Bunyan described it. "All such merchandise was sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferment, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures and delights of all sorts." The Fair was arranged in rows for the different nationalities—Britain row, French row, Italian row, German row. The American row has been added since! We have our concession and are doing our share to make things lively. Our new philosophy is that the cure for sorrow is excitement. We have written sparkling and scintillating lines with lightning from the sky on the blackboard of the night—concerning chewing gum and cigars. It would seem the genius that can contrive such chirography could think of something

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better to say. But you are not expected to think in *Vanity Fair*. You are supposed to forget.

A Harvard professor has thus characterized the present: "We have seen the rise of an art, ignorant of line, color, and perspective, like and inferior to that of the cave-man; a school of music innocent of harmony and beauty, echoing the savagery of Central African tom-toms, accompanied by dancing which would have shamed the bacchanals, and words adapted to an intellectual capacity a shade above that of the moron. We read a fiction more subtly decadent than the literature of the Roman Empire hastening to its fall; a poetry inferior in form and contents to that of remote Teutonic ancestors. We listen to the praises of a moral code like that of a herd of cattle; and hear critics and so-called thinkers extol-

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ling these manifestations as the last word in artistic and philosophical achievements."¹ "What ails our youth?" men have asked, and Professor Coe made it evident that nothing ailed youth that did not ail all of us. Whatever the ailment is there is no cure for it in Vanity Fair.

Some have taken refuge in Doubting Castle—overlooking the fact that it is ruled by the Giant Despair. The faith of some has been overthrown. There is a skepticism abroad, but it is not academic nor aggressive. It is the infidelity of indifference. It is the sullen, listless apathy of the street. It is the appalling number of those who don't care—they are not interested. No problems are solved here. No heart cry is ever satisfied in Doubting

¹ Professor Wilbur P. Abbott, *Yale Review*, January, 1923. Used by permission of the editor of *Yale Review*.

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Castle. Life there sinks down into the acid of cynicism. In that castle life is spent within easy reach of the great hairy hands of the Giant Despair.

Some have found in the church an Interpreter's House. It is the function of the church to bring the light of divine revelation on the dark problems of the soul, speak the truth amid error and falsehood, point the road "where cross the crowded ways of life," to make the perplexed to understand, and justify the ways of God to man. The church may be a house where the family of God hold sweet communion; it may be a hospital where sick souls are nursed back to health; it may be a city of refuge where those pursued find safety, and an armory wherein the militant may obtain the accouterments of war and from which they go forth in conquest;

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but the church has no finer function to perform than to be an interpreter of the mind of Christ and the will of God. It may not furnish exact specifications as to how to settle labor difficulties or diplomatic questions, but it ought to furnish the atmosphere in which they can be settled. It may not detail the exact procedure in personal problems, but it will keep the things that belong at the circumference of thought from a place at the center and it will keep at the center of life that which alone can preserve it in sanity and serviceableness. The church may well aspire to be a house of friendliness, a house of happiness, a house of prayer, a house of hope, but it should be an interpreter's house too. It is a place for pilgrims on life's journey. Its doors are open wide to the passing crowds. Those who have found the inadequacy

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of life in the Palace Beautiful, its shallowness amid the pleasures of Vanity Fair, and felt the chill of Doubting Castle would find a welcome in the Interpreter's House. How can they be induced to come in? Must they wait until some grievous necessity drives them in? "I went into the sanctuary of God—then understood I."

"When I see someone in my congregation who is asleep I conclude it is time for me to wake up," said Henry Ward Beecher. Empty seats ought to have the same effect on a preacher.

"I will not sacrifice my convictions for crowds," said a minister.

"To have a crowd is one of my convictions," answered another. "I conceive it to be my duty to secure the largest possible hearing for the gospel message."

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The center of a Protestant church is not the shining altar, nor golden organ, nor the social rooms and the educational equipment. It is the pulpit whereon is opened the Bible. To discuss what is current and passing in the light of those eternal truths; to turn the light of divine revelation on the perplexities and perils that beset the human mind; to interpret all the experiences of mankind in their relation to the kingdom of God is the happy privilege of the ambassador of Christ. What a responsibility! To be complacent about so compelling a task is criminal. To seek ways of capturing the interest of that passing crowd is a thoroughly Christian procedure. To get the attention of the public that the claims of Christ may be presented is in the line of duty. If printer's ink is necessary, and a special program

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with music and editorials and book reviews and chorus choirs and light and color has power to fill the church, then to do these things is simply a part of the minister's purpose to have an "effective relation" to the church—if so be that to those thus attracted Christ is preached.

"Sensational!" cries the critic with a shudder. The most sensational thing that ever happens in a year in most churches is the crowd that fills the place on Easter—and on that day we celebrate the most sensational thing that ever happened in human history.

On the road when mud or sand or a steep grade are encountered the engine of the car is thrown into low gear, which simply means that it works faster. When a hard bit of going confronts the church it calls for extra energy, added devotion, more

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enthusiasm. The man who is concerned for that multitude that passes his church door and never enters, and who spends sleepless nights and hours of prayer and devoted study and patient solicitation to correct the defect, deserves cooperation and commendation. Jesus felt the matter so urgent that he said to go out into the highways and compel them to come in.

The real attraction of the Interpreter's House is what is inside. Bunyan's pilgrim was taken into a room where a picture hung on the wall that carried a special message. There are many ways of bringing the truth to the mind and heart. The interpreter will use every available means of quickening the conscience of his hearer. "Preparation" means more than homeletics. It will include ventilation and light and music and

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the happy hospitality that puts the soul in a receptive mood.

The picture that hung on that wall is suggestive of what we ought to find in the House of the Interpreter. This is the description: "He had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books was in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back." If the modern church will convey these qualities to the passing pilgrim, he will pause to pray and go on his way again with a new song in his heart. Let us look again. "Eyes lifted to heaven"—reverence! Here is the human and divine in communion. A praying church fills the atmosphere of the place with spiritual stimulus. What is more needed to-day? Reverence for life and law, reverence for God, reverence that springs from an overmastering sense of authority that

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subdues the spirit of man. It is the function of the church to promote reverence. "The best of books" suggests all those cultural and refining influences that enrich life. We are emphasizing education. The church should be educationally fit to train youth. The school should be spiritually fit to continue the process. The supreme textbook of religious education is the Bible. "The law of truth upon his lips" sounds like Christian testimony. It is the apologetic of true evangelism. If we could have a moratorium on talk about boards and conferences and surveys and commissions, and in its stead a year of talk about personal experience, the power of prayer, the sufficiency of divine grace, the glory of the cross, the friendship of Christ, the hope of heaven, a spiritual awakening would sweep across the land that would be-

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come historic. "The world was behind his back" in the emergence of those spiritual values which are known as character. This is the churches' chief contribution. One way to mark progress is by what we leave behind. Israel left Egypt behind. The disciples left their nets to follow Christ. "The world was behind his back." To interpret life in terms of spirituality and intellectual inquiry, to speak the truth with candor and make character supreme is the contribution the church can offer to wayfaring men.

Progress is not inevitable. Maps change. Nations die. People degenerate. We talk about the "one increasing purpose" that runs through the ages as though we could not stop it. An Assyrian tablet of 2800 B. C. has been dug up which reads: "Our earth is degenerate in these days;

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there are signs that the world is speedily coming to an end; bribery and corruption are common; children no longer obey their parents; every man wants to write a book, and the end of the world is evidently approaching." We have chuckled over this prize pessimist of the long ago whose lugubrious wail shows that there have always been those who talked dismally of evil times. As a matter of fact he was a prophet and seer. He told the truth. He saw the decadent elements of his civilization and had the wit to say that they would wreck all the glory of which his contemporaries boasted. The world he knew did pass away. It is a dust heap. There is no progress that is not registered in morality. The saving content of any civilization is spiritual.

Can the modern church stand as

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an Interpreter's House by the side of the road where the race of men go by and declare its message in a way that shall attract their attention and compel their allegiance?

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THERE is a chain of lakes in the Man-Trap region of northern Minnesota that has no visible outlet. These lakes vary in size. Between each there is a connection of some tiny rivulet or river. The last of these lies like a mirror fringed with birch and pine. Wild rice and lily pads and reeds embroider its shore line. Under its placid surface it holds a secret. It is presumed that an underground passage from this lake reaches to another in the distance, for there the waters are ever agitated and at a certain point are never frozen in the winter. It is a symbol of a phenomenon we see in history. Great movements that lose themselves in one generation reappear in another.

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The content of God's message to the world is constant. We see it in a segment instead of in a circle, in a snapshot instead of a panorama. What God says to one age he repeats to another. He does not always use the same medium. Sometimes he digs new channels—even underground passages—to carry his revelation.

The Puritanism of the Pilgrim Fathers stood for certain ideals necessary to right character. Have they been lost to the world? The visitor to Plymouth will be impressed with the evidences of their high regard for religious truth. The very relics which have been preserved in Pilgrim Hall denote their purpose to make America their home. Not for them the wild adventures of French explorers who fared much farther West but left no memorial of their exploits save their name which has

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now through courtesy been attached to some of our geography. The pioneers in New England brought furniture with which to make a home. One may see their Bibles, their psalters, and the works of theology upon which they fed their spiritual life. How much of that remains in America to-day? Gone are the broad-brimmed hats and modest bonnets, gone the severity of manner and scorn of joy which characterized their conduct. The Puritan was a flowering protest of individualism against the doctrine of the divine right of kings. It has been said that God sifted Europe to secure Protestantism, sifted Protestantism to secure the Puritan, and sifted the Puritans to find the Pilgrim Fathers. They who came in the Mayflower were of a sturdy stock, and the contribution which their colony made to

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American life carried immeasurable benefits. But there has been a revolt against Puritanism. However, since some of the things for which they stood are necessary for the good of the race, God is teaching these lessons in a new way.

William James once referred to the "puritanism of science." This suggests the method by which we are relearning that New England message. We need no longer go to our colonial fathers for instruction in the religious realm. It is enough to visit the scientific laboratory. Let us study this matter with that thought in mind.

1. The Puritan had a spirit of adventure growing out of well-defined convictions. The voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers will ever stand in history as the classic illustration of this. It is difficult for us to conceive a period

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in which the thinking of men was proscribed. It was a time when men were persuaded to be orthodox by the faggot and pillory. With a splendid heroism these liberty-loving folk protested against such treatment, and this heroism led them to escape to America.

The religious life of to-day needs this heroic note. We have an abundance of complacent Christianity. We have speculations and theories more than convictions. In our desire to be "liberal" and "broad" we have surrendered some of our loyalty to principles. Instead of feeling the challenge of a few mountain peaks in our landscape whose glistening brows call us to come higher, we are out on the prairie with the same monotonous outlook in every direction. Instead of the roll of the drums, the glint of the forward-moving flags, and the

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danger of the campaign, we have grown fat and lazy in the routine of camp life. We have forgotten that

“Lo, before us gleam the watchfires! We
ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and sail boldly
through the desperate wintry sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the
Past's blood-rusted key.”

There are some shining examples of Christian heroism in the mission fields and in social service, but the church, as a whole, is only beginning to sense that there are yet worlds to conquer, tangled forces to subdue, savages to tame, unknown forces to be brought into the bondage and service of man, and that these victories are not geographical and physical but psychic and spiritual. Can the forces of the church yet be mobilized for world conquest? Is it too late to rebuild our civilization, a

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task of which we heard much while in the midst of the World War?

This pioneering spirit is evident when we turn to the scientific realm. How remarkable to conquer the air, as did the Wright brothers, and make possible that "chivalry of the sky" of which Lloyd George spoke! Explorers penetrate the white silences of the extreme north and the extreme south in order that they may add to the sum of human knowledge. Colonel Goethals brings to successful completion an engineering feat at Panama which changes the trade map of the world.

"A man went down to Panama
Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide;
A man stood up in Panama
And the mountains stood aside."

Men have dared venture their all for

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a scientific conviction. Belief that the impossible was possible of achievement has spurred many a student to some new discovery or invention.

Never was there so much interest in these scientific achievements as at the present hour. Those who find a new cure for a malignant disease, discover a new and better method of performing the necessary work of the world, who add to the span of human life and to its happiness are the heroes of our time. These scientists are making a new world in which to live. The Pilgrim Fathers shaped the life of the nation in their day. This heroic note, this capacity for sacrifice, this loyalty to Christian ideals, this power of adventure in the interests of great convictions is being brought home to us as one of the necessities of our time. If we cannot learn it from the Pilgrim Fathers, perhaps

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we can from the "puritanism of science."

2. We have also drifted from the Puritan doctrine of individual responsibility to God. Theirs was the day of "God-fearing" folk. They may have been narrow theologically but from a practical standpoint they lived under the eye of God. To-day we talk much of our social relationships. It is easy to lose this feeling of personal accountability in such an atmosphere. It is natural to think that we do not count in a crowd. Men forget obligation when they exchange their name for a number. The irregularities of our business and political life, the billions that are taken by theft each year, our crime waves, the necessity for repeated investigations of public business, the cry of reformers—all witness that we have lost something of that keen con-

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sciousness of accountability to God. We have given conscience an opiate. We let ourselves down into mild indulgences of appetite. The love of possession and of pleasure obscures moral ideals.

But science is reviving this important truth. The very instruments of our time enforce it. The bookkeeper thinks he will falsify an account and no one will ever find out, but the adding machine proclaims him a thief. The salesman proceeds to line his pockets with ill-gotten gain when the cash register says "Be honest." The crook tells one story to his conferees and another on the witness stand, but a lawyer holds up a dictograph and says, "This instrument declares you are a liar." The bad man tries to get away from the hand of justice but the telegraph and radio intercept him. In business we are talking of

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scientific management and efficiency. The commission form of government in municipal affairs insists upon this same necessity that men shall be held responsible for their work. Everywhere this modern Puritan is driving home the fact that all life should be lived under the eye of God.

3. The Puritan stood for the sovereignty and severity of the law. What an austere life he lived! In *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne has portrayed how vindictive a thing is punishment. Those malignant lines of red had power to sear the soul. Arthur Dimmesdale was put upon a rack of mental torture and every day another twist was taken in his conscience. Scourge and pillory brought no relief—only confession. Such was the Puritan idea of the way the law worked—inexorable, merciless, sure.

We have rebelled against this view.

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Unitarianism and Christian Science are modern protests against the stern views of life which an earlier New England represents. The new theory of education avoids all discipline and drudgery. It insists that the child shall learn through play. That life consists of having a good time is a popular notion that has many ardent advocates.

But lest men should lose their souls by ideas that are false, God speaks again to this generation through his messenger science. Though this modern Puritan does not profess to be priest, prophet, nor preacher, he is proclaiming with new emphasis that you cannot tamper with the laws of God. If science has taught anything, it is that disregard for the laws of health and hygiene, body and soul, brings its penalty. The argument against sin to-day has moved away

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from the theological realm to the scientific. Men are urged to forsake their sins not because they are less hateful to God, but because it has been demonstrated as wasteful to man. When science declared alcohol a poison and thus set its dictum of uncompromising disapproval upon all intemperance, then business concerns and railroad corporations and Legislatures began to enact laws that would protect society from the curse of liquor. The glutton pays for his folly in a tortured body. The secret sin is proclaimed from the housetops, while the laboratory comes forward with deadly evidences that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Science decrees that the penalty for broken laws comes down with the silent remorseless movement of a glacier, crushing its victim.

Men have said they did not believe

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in a Puritan God. They believe in a God of nature. They only make their case more involved. With the God of our fathers there was mercy and plenteous redemption. In nature there is none. Her mandates must be obeyed. She soothes no hurt, withholds no penalty, knows no forgiveness. Once science was thought antagonistic to our faith. We prefer to think of science as a modern Puritan preaching righteousness.

We sometimes quote "The old order changeth yielding place to new," and forget the next two lines,

"And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SCIENCE

“WE can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth,” Paul said; that is, the truth can take care of itself. All hostility is helpless before the candor of its appeal. To assail it simply calls attention to it, and arouses its friends to come with their defense. The truth is like a flag in the wind—the harder the wind blows the more lovely it is! Oftentimes the very nail prints upon its body have proven to be its most convincing credentials.

The truth does not always come from a closet of prayer. Sometimes it is found in the laboratory. Because truth may appear from a source that is unexpected does not invalidate it.

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With some it is thought that such truth imperils the church. Nervous hands reach out to steady the ark. Anxious persons wait to learn whether the Bible has been discredited. State Legislatures may prescribe what shall be taught in public schools, but that does not dismiss the claims of truth upon growing minds. There is no equipment like the "armor of light."

The preacher's problem perpetually is how to present the message of the gospel in an appealing and convincing way. He will look for arguments, illustrations, and reasons with which to re-enforce his appeal. He need hold no brief for science. His business is to preach religion. The church shows the way to God. But he will do well to declare a faith that is open-minded and that rests upon such a rational basis that it is secure in any environ-

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ment. The faith that is given to little children in a church school should survive the experiences of a university campus and be unshaken by the revelations of the microscope and telescope. It will be so truly validated by experience that it will survive the clamor of the market place or the shock of tragedy. Religion must rest upon reality. No matter from what quarter the truth may come, it should be received with friendly interest. The deepest thought, the most searching investigations, the freest inquiry are consonant with the Christian faith. If character rests upon the truth, the soul can be confident.

Taking this attitude, we shall discover that science is not an enemy but a friend to the Christian faith. It has given us a more wonderful world in which to live than we have ever

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known before. It has disclosed the marvel of nature's forces. "Two things amaze me—the starry universe above and the moral law within," said Immanuel Kant. To-day we know that it is the same God who speaks through the starry universe and this inner law. We live in a "uni-verse"—and not a duo-verse nor a multi-verse. This was suggested a generation ago by Henry Drummond, who was both scholar and Christian, in his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. His story is an exceedingly interesting one. He loved the laboratory but he also loved the Upper Room. He was a product of the Moody revival in England. The meeting of these two men caused a change in both their lives. From the hour of that meeting Henry Drummond was an illustration of education seeking spirituality, and Dwight L.

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Moody was an illustration of spirituality seeking education. One of the finest things which the mind of Drummond gave to the world was his exegesis of the love lyric of Paul, *The Greatest Thing in the World*. But his discussion of this chapter is in the terminology of the scientist. He uses the symbols of the laboratory. Love is regarded as light and is passed through the spectrum to discover its component parts. It would seem that the time is ripe for the presence of some new and dominant voice that shall appraise again for us the findings of science and bring their testimony to the claims of religion. When the biologist, the chemist, the astronomer have massed their facts, it yet remains for religion to interpret these and cite the motive and spirit with which they shall be used.

It has been said that science is the

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religion of things natural while religion is the science of things spiritual. The scientific method can be applied to the study of spiritual things. To do this does not necessitate a decline of faith nor a loss of belief in the supernatural. It may be the means by which faith is vindicated by experience. It means proving all things and holding fast that which is good. It means the fulfilling of the law in order that the fullest life may appear.

Suppose we call science to the witness stand and check its disclosures with scriptural revelation. What shall we find? We find that the *operation of law is universal*. We are not governed by a capricious God. One of the teachers of to-day has set forth the authority of scientific revelation under the caption *The Decalogue of Science*. Certain it is that the thunders of an ancient Sinai may

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be heard in the voice of modern learning. For every cause there is an effect. For every attitude we take to the law, there is reward or retribution. This is impressive information. Yet it would be difficult to find in any treatise of the scientist a more telling statement than "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The scientist says that there are two great factors in the physical world—matter and force. *Matter is indestructible: force is constant.* To the remotest boundaries of the universe, these factors are in operation. The astronomer just now is speaking of "light years." Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second and when there are enough seconds to make a year, you have this new unit of astronomical calculation. Yet we see stars that are a million "light

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years" away. Surely this adds to the scriptural declaration, "The heavens declare the glory of God." Looking through the microscope we discover atoms and electrons, and are told that each atom moves through its proper orbit. Surely this is in confirmation to the scriptural statement, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." One cannot but be overawed by such knowledge. We may cry with William Blake

"I'm in God's presence night and day.
He never turns his face away."

When modern learning tells us of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy, we have a new reason to believe that in the spiritual realm "there shall never be one lost good." We see a new incentive to believe the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void,"

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and "Your labor is not vain in the Lord." It is because of this quality of the universe that Christ may have said, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

We are also told of *reversion to type*—that strange phenomenon observed by students of heredity in which there is an occasional slipping back from the development achieved by the race. Left alone and unaided the American Beauty rose will revert to single petals again. Mark Twain said that a cauliflower was a cabbage with a college education. Jack London has graphically told a story in *The Call of the Wild*, where a great dog, the creature of civilization, the pet of the household, is thrown into the wilderness, where the law of tooth and fang operates. Under it, all the old wolfish instincts come to ascendancy. He hears the call of the wild.

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The dog becomes the wolf. The same thing is seen in man. Napoleon said, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." What we have seen in our own generation proves the correctness of his statement. Under the veneer of civilization are primitive passions, wild desires, and barbaric moods. What is all this but a confirmation of the thing that James said, "Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust has conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." The old theologians called it total depravity. The modern scientist calls it "reversion to type," but it is the same dreadful calamity in human nature that calls for the remedial help of God.

When we approach the subject of *evolution* we may likewise find sup-

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port for our Christian faith. John Locke, the philosopher, said, "All great discussions seem to me to be discussions about words." It is true that oftentimes a discussion could be avoided if definitions were clear at the beginning. The word "evolution" has been made to cover a multitude of things. As an explanation of creation no one has been able to get back of the first four words of Holy Writ—"In the beginning God." However the creation story may be regarded, the declaration concerning our first parents, "In the image of God created he them" gives all of the human race an opportunity to claim a divine parentage. As to the growth of the race, evolution is a convenient descriptive word. In the popular conceptions of the day evolution has been regarded as "the survival of the fittest." This is the

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phrase of Herbert Spencer. Darwin used the words "natural selection." The organism best fitted to live and develop would persist. Struggle is a necessary incident to growth. Often this is a fierce and merciless thing, and the weak suffer. It is a doctrine which may become brutal and produce a ruffian attitude on the part of the strong in society. But in reality this does not explain evolution. Survival does not depend upon force. There is a deeper law in the evolutionary process. It is the law of the preservation of the species. Darwin did not pronounce the law of tooth and fang and claw supreme but recognized this other principle at work even in the animal world. He said, "Those communities which include the greatest number of the most sympathetic members would flourish best and rear the greatest number of offspring." The

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deeper law of mutual aid has power to triumph over the law of brute force. This was the issue in the Great War.

What is the meaning of this for religion? It seems that we have found scientific support for the elemental law of the gospel. The creation story tells of a life of innocence that was lost through sin. It is symbolic of the tragic record of every life. Driven from our garden of purity through disobedience, the angel of conscience lifts his sword over us in condemnation. How shall we recover the divine favor? The coming of Jesus was in answer to this need. The Son of God came to the earth in order to restore the children of earth in that divine family relationship. This species of life and character in which virtue triumphs over vice God did not propose should

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perish in the earth. The very genius of Jesus' life teaches that salvation and supremacy come through service, and this often entails suffering. "He that loseth his life . . . shall find it." To survive it is necessary to serve. Evolution in its profounder processes operates with the fundamental law of the gospel. Even nature reflects the splendor of the sacrifice shown upon the cross.

There is a Gospel according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. There is a gospel according to Paul. He proudly referred to "my gospel." There is a gospel according to Savonarola, and John Calvin, and Martin Luther, and John Wesley. There has been a gospel according to denominations. There is a gospel according to art and literature and history. We rejoice in them. We are glad for every affirmation and

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argument that breaks down the barriers of doubt and prejudice. There is also a gospel according to science, and the church should be glad to accept the facts and findings of science wherever these lend confirmation to the claims of religion.

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ONE hundred years ago William Hazlitt wrote a book entitled *The Spirit of the Age*. In it he sketches the portraits of a number of his contemporaries. Introducing his essay on Mr. Coleridge he says: "The present is an age of talkers and not doers; and the reason is that the world is growing old. We are so far advanced in the arts and sciences that we live in retrospect and dote on past achievements. The accumulation of knowledge has been so great that we wonder at the height to which it has reached instead of attempting to add to it. What niche remains unoccupied? What path untried? What is the use of doing anything unless we could do better than all

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those who have gone on before us? What hope is there of this?"

Yet when Mr. Hazlitt characterized his time in 1825, there was not a railroad, not a steamship, not a telegraph; and we cannot imagine what our great-grandfathers who wore periwigs and silver buckles would think could they see an automobile, a picture in motion, an airplane in the sky, or "listen in" on a radio concert.

The last century has been one of such amazing development that it is the wonder period of the world. "Evolution" is a term too tame to describe the series of transformations wrought before our eyes. Comparisons reveal a striking contrast. Our population moved from a group of States on the Atlantic seaboard across the mountains into the great Mississippi valley which DeTocqueville years ago declared was to become

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"the heart of America." It has built an empire on the Pacific Coast. The political problems which had to do with the experiments of self-government have become international in their scope. When Samuel Smith wrote "America" he had only a New England background in mind.

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills"

but poorly describes the physical grandeur of the land we love. In order to magnify this Henry van Dyke has added two verses to our national hymn that I wish might come into popular use,

"I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains,
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep—
All thy domains.

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"Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Wide to the West,
Thy flow'ring Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air;
O land beyond compare,
Thee I love best."¹

Now, it is against this background of a century and a continent that we see the emergence of great centers of population and the perils and possibilities they represent. They have changed our emphasis in religious thinking. They have had power to compel a new interpretation of the social message of the gospel. William Hazlitt was right—the spirit of our age is to be found among our contemporaries, the way people think and pray and vote and act. There has been growth in population. There has been the multiplication of

¹Used by permission of the author.

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mechanical conveniences. But what has been their influence on the church? What reaction have they caused in our interpretation of Christianity? Is the faith of the sons as vigorous as the faith of the fathers? Can the passion of the old-time religion be properly expressed in social terms?

We have changed our emphasis from a dogmatic to a diffusive goodness. Once the great question was, "What do you believe?" Now it is, "How do you live?" Once the emphasis was on creed; now it is on character. Once doctrinal differences were magnified; now they are minimized. Once we had denominational strife; now cooperation. Once a real war was on between science and theology, and it would seem from certain skirmishes that a few bushwhackers have wanted to revive that

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strife, but we know that in our day scientists have become more devout and theologians have grown more scientific in their methods. Once church membership was the test of orthodoxy; to-day there is much Christianity outside the church—in Christian associations and institutions, in reform and welfare agencies. Once insistence was placed on how one came into a Christian experience; now we realize that “there are diversities of operation but the same Spirit.”

But there is danger in all this. In our broadening process we have thinned out. In our generous liberality of outlook we have grown shallow. There are so many good enterprises in which we are interested that our energies are used up and frittered without definite accomplishment. We have so many irons in the

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fire, we have no time to use the anvil.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox once wrote:

“So many sects, so many creeds,
 So many paths that wind and wind,
 When just the art of being kind
Is all this old world needs.”

There are multitudes who believe this. Their religion is one of kindness. But is that all this old world needs? I think not. In the diffusion of our goodness we have lost *conviction*. We hold a lot of beliefs. How few convictions hold us!

Liberalism of opinion produces liberality of conduct. The line of demarcation between the church and the world is almost erased. By the loss of these positive convictions and that fervent piety which characterized our fathers we have invited a subtle peril. Our friendliness has at times resulted, not in making the

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world Christian, but in making Christians worldly. This loss of conviction appears in Sabbath desecration. Sunday is turned into a holiday, the altars of the church are forsaken under any pretext, while commercialized amusements profit through the backsliding of church-members. It appears in triangular romances and bedroom farces, in current writings and moving pictures, in those records of juvenile delinquency and divorce frequency which proclaim that the sanctities of the home are broken down throughout the land. It appeared in our recession from idealism after the war and the complacency with which we let a great moral issue like world peace become the plaything of politicians. It appeared in the indifference of Christian people to the raillery and covert propaganda against the Eighteenth Amendment,

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which we now see has jeopardized the victory won after a century of heroic struggle.

There are conquests yet to be won. But they cannot be achieved with good-natured complacency and pride in liberal views. The wrongs of our time can be corrected only by the impact of mighty convictions. In *The Choir Invisible* George Eliot prayed that life might

“Be the sweet presence of a good diffused
But in diffusion ever more intense.”

It is a good prayer for to-day.

Our emphasis has likewise been changed from a private to a public righteousness. Once it was “every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost,” but now we declare “I am my brother’s keeper.” Once the great concern which people felt was to save their souls, and it was

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not uncommon for healthy folks to pray for "dying grace"; now we pray for grace to live and serve. Once it was thought the earth was a wreck from which God might save a few, but now we believe "the tabernacle of God is with men." Once we believed God had favorites on whom he sent his blessing and from whom he withheld misfortune, but we are beginning to understand that much of a man's woe is the result of his own ignorance and folly.

Christianity has a social message. The cross not only is perpendicular and thus lifts the soul to God, but it is horizontal and therefore carries implications as wide as humanity. Society is bound together not as a mass of wet clay that may be struck and indented at one spot and with no appreciable effect upon the mass, but a block of marble whose every atom

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feels the slightest tap upon its surface. It is the task of the church to see that the social organism shall be animated by the spirit of Christ.

Sometimes the individual seems almost lost. He is hopelessly bound up in conditions which limit his power of choice and determine the response he is able to make even to the call of God. Private righteousness alone is not sufficient. The problems arising in labor and capital, the living conditions of the working man, the selfishness of greed, the corruption of politics constitute social guilt and sin and call for social repentance and regeneration. Public opinion and public righteousness can bring about this change. Christian conscience is demanding that wrongs shall be righted and reforms enacted into laws that meet these new conditions. But a danger is here too, a

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danger induced by what seems like an unmanageable mass of population that is inert and unmoved. Just as our many beliefs may lead us into loss of conviction, so our piety when expressed in public terms may lack coherence. Our peril is that all this material shall remain unorganized and chaotic, that it shall express itself in fretfulness and impatience, that it become the tinder of social revolution that shall prove destructive. The need is for some evangelist of social salvation to arouse the indignation and sense of injury and injustice to a mass movement, a prophet who shall gather all these elements of reform and impulses moving toward a better day into constructive *coherence*, a leader in whom shall be typified the hopes of humanity and under whose guidance all these moral questions shall be lifted above

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the murky air of politics, the prejudice of class, and the selfishness of individuals, to the higher ethical plane of brotherhood.

A change in emphasis appears also from a reformative to a preventive salvation. The church is seeking to correct evil at its source. There will always be need for the operation of divine grace in redemptive power in human life. The summons to save souls is always appropriate and imperative. But we have traveled far from that time when the sowing of wild oats was thought to be inevitable among the young. They were allowed to drift into sin and then called back from their waywardness. To-day the argument for evangelism is less theological than it is economic. We point out the wastage of sin and decry the loss of life it creates, the defeat it carries to all who indulge in

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it. We are trying to prevent the ruin of those whom God has endowed.

This tendency is seen in other fields of activity. In the operation of the courts the accent is on prevention rather than punishment. Juvenile courts, the care of delinquents, the active interest in the underprivileged child, the system of parole are all a part of the plan to save the unfortunate to good citizenship. In medicine, baby clinics, visiting nurses, public sanitation, and propaganda in the interest of the community's health are evident. In some industrial centers hospitals once filled with those brought in through accidents, have been emptied by the "Safety First" campaign. Now and then we see even in the political realm the election of patriots who will enforce the law, instead of politicians who wink at its violation. Instead of building life

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saving stations to recover our losses caused by shipwrecks, we are charting the sea and lighting the lamps so that ships may come safely to harbor.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the church has caught the same spirit and changed its emphasis from reform to prevention. Once the church depended on periodic revivals to recruit its membership; now we are attempting to articulate the church's program to every need of the community in the spirit of service. Attempts are being made to capture youth for Christ—a soul plus a life!

The age of decision was placed by Professors Coe and Starbuck some years ago at sixteen. The emphasis on religious education and the spiritual nurture of children has advanced that period of religious awakening forward six years. This is striking testimony of the attention given in

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recent years to this matter of strategic importance.

Then the duplication of churches, the wastage of money and effort in keeping the wheels of organization moving, likewise call us to a new solidarity of effort with those who follow Christ. The word which has power at this point to correct ancient evils, speed the undertaking of tasks which concern the whole people and which the church of Christ must sponsor, the correction of waste in human life and money consecrated to the most economical and constructive use for the bringing in of the Kingdom, is *cooperation*. Old shibboleths are dying. Fierce competition in denominations must pass away. Instead of unhappy rivalries and spasmodic reforms we must get together in the great common constructive tasks of the Kingdom. The very problems of

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the hour have driven us to this co-operation.

We have also changed our emphasis from an autocratic to a persuasive Christianity. It is sometimes said that the note of authority has been lost from the religious life. Any kind of authority is evident when it is centralized. When authority passes to the people, as it does in a democracy, the problems of government become more intricate. In groups where thousands and millions are involved this sense of responsibility is apt to be dissipated and lost. The sanctions and restraints of the law sit more loosely on the conscience. So thoroughly have we mixed in social contacts, so independent have we grown in opinion and self-expression by our community life that we like no authority that acts in an authoritative manner. We resent arbitrary man-

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dates. We rebel at commands. The spirit of the times is in rebellion against all unnecessary government and all kinds of vested authority. Some look to the church as the seat of final authority, some to the Bible, some to conscience, and some find it in the Master himself. But the method by which that authority is expressed must be in terms of persuasion. Threats of doom, the appeal of fear, the attempt at coercion, all belong to the past. In the realm of evangelism we have learned that the only effective procedure is the rational preaching of truth and the appearance of lives which furnish example and encouragement.

To make Christianity truly persuasive what is needed? What can obviate and avoid the lurking danger at this point? One thing—*consecration*. This constitutes the true apolo-

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getic of our Christian faith. Not arguments, controversies, denunciations, hot hells, scintillating heavens—but lives.

Men have been greatly disturbed because we were in the midst of reconstruction and change. They have wondered about the outcome for the church. The period through which we have been passing is one of housecleaning. There is always a bonfire and rubbish and dust and discomfort at housecleaning time. We find out we have some things we had forgotten. We give away the junk and preserve the necessary furniture. And when our present turmoil has subsided we will find that all the essential furniture of the religious life will be back where it belongs. Prayer, the Bible, the church, God, will all be set in place and the soul will go about its work with singing.

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These are elements we must build into modern civilization. They can only be built into the structure by consecrated lives.

This, then, is our conclusion—while we undertake to make the world Christian we do well to watch lest the world make us dull in spiritual sensibilities. In the midst of the diffusion of our goodness let us not lose our convictions. If righteousness is to function publicly, let us give it coherence. In all preventative measures let us not overlook the value of cooperation. And may we not forget that the real secret of every persuasive Christian appeal is in consecration. This is no time for a kindergarten Christianity but an adult conception of the gospel. In the normal material expansion there must be an accompanying advance of Christian procedure and passion.

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Once Walt Whitman and Sidney Lanier were talking of the glories of the republic and Whitman discoursed of mountains and plains and rivers until Lanier exclaimed, "No, Walt Whitman, you cannot make a republic out of mountains and plains and rivers but only out of the spirits of men."

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IN Cowper's hymn on the Bible appears this stanza:

"A glory gilds the sacred page
Majestic as the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives but borrows none."

The statement will not bear analysis. That the Bible has given a light to every age is unmistakably true. There is something in its message that awakens new life and hope and freedom in human hearts. Nations have written new pages in progress under the light of the Scriptures. The translation of the Bible into the vernacular of the people wrought great historic changes in Germany and England. Our own Constitution was written by a generation that knew the Bible—the most vigorous

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expressions of the new governmental ideals being in New England where the influence of the Pilgrim Fathers survived. "It gives but borrows none." That can be doubted. Our interpretation of the Scriptures is, in fact, colored by the age in which we live.

For example, John's vision of the new Jerusalem has been subjected to several explanations during the Christian era. That special passage portraying the city redeemed has given a light to every age. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God

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is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." Never since the heavens opened to the enraptured gaze of the beloved disciple has this vision ceased to inspire the church. But its meaning has changed repeatedly, because the vision has borrowed some of its color from the age in which men sought to apply its teaching.

What it meant to the early church we may not fully know. It was a time when Christians were being persecuted. They were tried by fire. They were thrown to the lions. Rome was rich and profligate and drunk with power, a city of sensuality that had bludgeoned its way to world dominion. In the face of such insuperable opposition what could a little handful of Christians hope to

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accomplish in setting up the kingdom of God? Yet this was their commission. They were doubtless discouraged. Their beloved leader, the saintly apostle John, had been separated from them and was in exile in Patmos for his faith. To hearten them he sent this message of the Apocalypse. When they saw lifted against this black, hideous background of a corrupt city the fair ideal of a city purified and perfected it must have greatly cheered their hearts and quickened their courage and faith.

A different interpretation of this vision was presented by Augustine. As a youth he led a checkered career. He had a pagan father and a saintly mother. His mother yearned for his salvation. When he announced his intention of going to Rome, she protested and pleaded. To her this city had power to ruin her son utterly.

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He was a heretic and would never withstand its temptations. But there he fell under the powerful personality and preaching of Ambrose. He was converted. He began his service to the church. He wrote his book *The City of God*. He saw that Rome was tottering on the verge of ruin. The institutions of men were ready to fall. Vandal hordes from the North were pressing near and would accomplish its overthrow. All was chaos and confusion. Furthermore, it was an age when the enemies of the Christian faith were saying that the Christians themselves were responsible for these conditions. Augustine meets this charge. He interprets John's message to mean that the church is "the city of God," it alone is permanent, it will abide when all else fails, its foundations are secure, and all who want safety may find it

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in the church's shelter. The effect of this was marvelous. It powerfully influenced the church itself. Its borders were extended. It prepared itself to care for those vandals from the North. This interpretation held undisputed sway for a thousand years. Under its inspiration the great cathedrals of Europe were built, built to stand against the shifting changes of time, built with the consecrated genius and artistry of those who rejoiced to give an expression of their devotion that might stand in visible testimony long after they were dead.

Another historical interpretation of this vision of John appeared with the Reformation. Men began to say the church was not an end but a means to an end. The responsibility of the individual for his own duty and destiny was preached. "The just

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shall live by faith." In due time came the Puritan movement. It was a part of this Reformation period. It was an age in England when the church and tyranny were arrayed against the Puritans and liberty. It was in the bloody reign of the Stuarts. Charles I was overthrown by Cromwell and the Puritans. When Charles II was restored to the throne he threw one of the Puritans, John Bunyan, into prison. Here Bunyan's imagination took wings. He wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress*. To him John's vision of a new Jerusalem was in the sky and in the future. This world was a city of destruction from which to flee in dread, and yonder was the celestial city in which to find safety and joy. Between these two the pilgrim must make his way. The long journey was beset by many perils but rewarded by alluring joys.

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It is impossible to estimate the influence of the book called *The Pilgrim's Progress* on the religious thinking of generations. Certain it is that the conception of a heaven radiant with beauty and happiness has encouraged many pilgrims for ages.

We are now in the midst of still another interpretation of this vision of John. Like those that have proceeded, it borrows light from the age that has given it birth. To many, Augustine's view of the city of God has been abandoned, and to others John Bunyan's picture has lost its charm. Ours is a social age. The interests of humanity have been pooled. We have learned that no man liveth to himself. We have just discovered this city that John saw was descending to the earth and that in it God was to have his habitation with

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men. It seems to fit into the ideal of Christ, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."

It is not a prophecy but a process. It is not an anticipation but an activity. It means not a Utopian future but promises a glorious present. The church has been growing souls who are big enough and brave enough to look no longer for shelter in its cloisters as was the mediæval conception and to spend their strength no longer running away from a wicked world as was the Puritan view, but ready to go out in crusades for righteousness and run after a wicked world and pray it to be reconciled to God.

So to-day our conception of this verse reflects the social emphasis and spirit of our age. As yet no great poet or preacher has arisen who has swept together the social impulses of

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our time into a literary masterpiece on which John's vision of the new heaven and a new earth floods its glory like a benediction, but such a genius will yet come.

There are several advantages in this modern interpretation.

This conception can be *particularized for any community*. John saw a new Jerusalem because Jerusalem was his capital city. If he had been a Grecian, he would have seen a new Athens, or a Roman, a new Rome. Each man who reads the record may substitute the name of his own city. It furnishes an ideal of improvement that may be localized. It thus guarantees an escape from the abstract and makes the message a personal and pertinent thing.

Art critics have observed that painters of different nationalities have reflected their national traits in their

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portrayal of Jesus. Thus the Italian paints a Christ with Italian features, the Russian with the strong face of the North, the Dutch, English, Spanish, and French all impart to the physiognomy of Christ some resemblance to their own people. How natural this is and how desirable! Christ is thus localized for each nation—pictured in terms most appealing and convincing. In a spiritual sense this must be accomplished in all his followers. His life reproduced, his passion felt, his service repeated will enable men to see their own surroundings idealized. This spirit was in John Knox when he cried out, "Give me Scotland or I die!"

This is suggested in a prize statement by Pelham Barrett in the April 16, 1925, issue of *Life*, reprinted here by permission, concerning "100 per cent Americanism." It is rather sig-

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nificant that the sentiment here presented should win first place as the finest expression of what citizenship ought to be. "As a nation fond of referring to itself as the 'greatest Christian nation' naturally the founder of Christianity is the one hundred per cent model to which we strive. Therefore the perfect American knows no race, creed, nor color; no North, South, East, nor West. He knows the difference between liberty and license. He does not foment wars but promotes peace. If a churchman, the more he loves his own church, the kindlier he feels to others. His only pride of ancestry is in the Father of all. He does not believe in exclusion and isolation, because he knows that America is God's country, and that all the Owner's family have equal rights to live here. He believes men and nations can live by the Golden

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Rule. If anyone sees him, please let me know."

The vision of a holy city, of society redeemed, of the Kingdom come is breaking through the darkness, squalor, poverty, and sin of earth. Each year the Christmas bells chime with new meaning and the new year is heralded as another year of our Lord.

"Ring in the valiant man and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

This modern interpretation also makes plain that *redemptive forces are spiritual and come from above*. "Ye must be born from above," said Jesus. It is as true of society as of individuals.

In cruising the Ægean Sea in 1910 the sight of Patmos was recorded in these lines:

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On a Sabbath afternoon,
Sabbath day of prayer and rest,
Cruising in the Ægean Sea,
Sea of liquid amethyst,
Sailing where apostles sailed,
Answering Christ's divine behest;

Looked we to the right and left,
Looked beneath the leaden skies,
Looked with eagerness intent,
To see where stony Patmos lies,
To see that prison isle of John
With bold windswept escarpment rise.

Islands numerous were here,
Jutting points and ragged shore,
Teeming once with Grecian life,
Once enriched with Grecian lore;
Now stark barrenness speaks out
To mock the glory once they bore.

Threading in and out our course,
Narrow strait, passed cape and bay,
Thus we sailed the musing hours
Of that holy Sabbath day,
While above, the clouded sky
Cast o'er all a mantle gray.

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"Look, that island over there
Is the island that you seek,"
Spoke the captain. Now we crowd
Near the rail and shade the cheek
To see each line irregular
Of that sacred Patmos peak.

And while we watched, a rift was torn
In the dark curtain of the sky—behold!
A glorious shaft of light poured down
Its radiance there, as in the days of old,
Turning the sea that washed its shores
To burnished brass and molten gold.

'Twas thus the heavens opened to Saint John,
Lone watcher in this desert isle,
Separate from his brethren of the church
He had a vision of God's hosts awhile—
And now the stories of that vision hour
All lonely souls in lonely hours beguile.

This new evangel includes all society in its objectives. It touches with cleansing power political and industrial problems. It is not satisfied with a changed environment or a revised ritualism or beautiful ideals.

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It calls for regeneration. It points out the social significance of individual regeneration, for the man whose life has been touched by divine grace is no longer a social liability. Something within him is awakened and he becomes self-supporting and self-respecting. He may not belong to one of the "first families" but he can join the noble company of the "twice born." Social change that is permanent and positive cannot be expected except as God operates in human life. It comes not from around or beneath but above.

A father gave his little boy a cut-out map. The lad tried to fit the crooked pieces together. He did not know much about the map of his country. He had no idea where mountain ranges and rivers and coast lines belonged. He was ready to give up in disgust when his father

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said to him, "Make the man first." On the other side of the map was the face of a man. The child had no difficulty in putting the pieces together according to this new design. When it was completed the father said, "Now turn it over." Behold, when it was reversed the map of his country was complete and correct. In much of our program of social progress we have forgotten to "make the man first." We have tried legislation, education, reform, institutional and corrective measures. Character first!—and we will find that all other methods and movements will find their proper place. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

This new interpretation of John's vision *gives chief place to the altruistic impulse of the gospel and furnishes a program of work.* "A new

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heaven and a new earth." The earth made like unto heaven as we have been taught to pray; a society in which "God wipes away all tears from our eyes" by removing the occasion for weeping; a fulfillment of the prophet's words which Jesus appropriated: "He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; . . . to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." There will not be much question about our orthodoxy as long as we keep close to the burden-bearing side of our discipleship. John's vision of a new Jerusalem contemplates the banishment of sin and degradation and misery and ignorance and poverty and crime. It calls for a readjustment of the social order in which each man shall give of his

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talent according to his ability and
each receive according to his need.

There is too much work yet to be
done to make it appropriate for us
to sing

“Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.”

Rather may we covet the tribute that
the city of Cleveland has placed on a
bronze statue of one of its useful
citizens,

“Beyond his party and beyond his class
This man forsook the few to serve the
mass ;
He found us groping leaderless and blind,
He left a city with a civic mind ;
He found us struggling each his selfish
part,
He left a city with a civic heart ;
And ever with his eyes fixed on the goal
The vision of a city with a soul.”

A WALL OF FIRE

DURING the Great War we heard about "a curtain of fire." It was a device which made possible an advance upon the enemy. Cannon of varying caliber were so placed that at a given signal they concentrated their fire on a single line. From the smaller guns in a horizontal fury, from the larger ones a parabola of falling missiles, from the heaviest artillery hoops of fire and smoke descending from great height and bursting in mid-air, scattering shrapnel, but all falling on one line—driving the enemy to cover, pouring upon him this deluge of iron and lead, a terrifying rain of ghastly hail. In the meantime the attacking force ran forward and as they approached

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the curtain of fire was advanced to the next trench while the charging men took possession of the first. Much as one would lift a garden hose and let the water fall on a point more distant, so this curtain of fire was passed from trench to trench in a spray of death, confusing the enemy and protecting the advance of the aggressive army.

There is a similar phrase in the records of the Old Testament. The Jews were returning from their captivity to their native land. The beloved city of Jerusalem had been depopulated and despoiled. Its walls were thrown down. Its homes were in ruins. The problem was to rebuild the waste places and restore the former glory. There were those who were satisfied to do just that. If they could reinhabit the place and make the repairs necessary to give sem-

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blance to the city as they had known it before, they would be content. A man with a measuring line was out surveying the walls and determining where the gates and turrets and defenses had formerly been. Then the prophet Zechariah gets a vision. He becomes God's messenger: "Run, speak to this young man, saying, Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls for the multitude of men and cattle therein: for I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her." In primitive days the old militant defense against enemies was a wall, but this man sees the city filled with a people so strong that no wall was necessary. We recall also it was a grazing country where shepherds at times built a circle of fire around their flocks to protect them from the hunger of the

A WALL OF FIRE

wild beasts. The prophet sees God as a Shepherd who shall surround them with a wall of fire of no human kindling and against which no invasion could prove successful.

The Oriental incident has its counterpart in our own day. The question before us for years has been whether we shall rebuild the world as it was before the Great War—the same defenses, same treaties and ententes and secret agreements and balance of power, the same dependence on armies and navies and all the trappings of Mars—or shall we build a new kind of a world? Will we copy the past or make new plans and specifications for God's bright tomorrow?

King Henry V, arousing his army to action, called upon them to remember their fathers fought and "sheathed their swords for lack of

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argument." To fight until you can see no reason to fight any longer only gives you a chance to think up some new reason for drawing the sword again. War will not be ended by sheathing the sword—only by breaking it! The prophet was nearer right when he foretold the hour when these instruments of carnage should become the implements of industry, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

One recalls a statement on the gravestone of Colonel John Buttrick, who commanded the companies of militia which made the first attack upon the British troops at Concord bridge: "Having with patriotic firmness shared in the dangers which led to American independence, he lived to enjoy the blessings of it. Having laid down the sword with honor he

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assumed the plow with industry, by the latter to maintain what the former had won."

The abolition of war is the greatest moral issue before humanity. Like pestilence and famine it will be done away. This does not mean there will never be another war. Disease sometimes appears, but we are prepared at once to put it in quarantine and prevent its hideous toll of death. Crop failures may cause acute hunger, but that suffering will not long annoy when a generous humanity learns of the need. Recalcitrant and backward peoples may cause troubles, but the organizations are now being perfected by which these disorders may be allayed in the interests of world peace, and "the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe." It is around this ideal the new world must be

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built. "If ye break faith with us who die," cries that voice from Flanders' fields. It is a haunting voice. It recalls that the struggle was a "war to end war" and for this noble consummation these youthful millions were willing to give their lives. How dare we dally with an issue made sacramental by their sacrifice? Hear one of them speak from the trenches—

"When I behold the tense and tragic night
 Shrouding the earth in vague symbolic
 gloom,
And when I think that ere my fancy's
 flight
 Has reached the portals of the inner
 room
Where knightly ghosts, guarding the secret
 ark
 Of brave romance, through me shall
 sing again,
Death may engulf me in eternal dark—
 Still I have no regret or poignant pain.

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"Better in one ecstatic epic day

To strike a blow for glory and for truth,
With ardent, singing heart to toss away

In freedom's cause my eager youth,
Than bear as weary years pass one by one
The knowledge of a sacred task undone."

The man with a measuring line has been busy. There are some people so constituted that the only way they can approach a problem is with mathematical calculation. They tabulate statistics and keep the census and year book at their elbow for ready reference. If they see the sunrise fill the East with gray and golden glory, they take out their watch and consult an almanac to see if it is on time. Looking at the crescent moon in the evening sky they begin a lecture on astronomy but never once suggest that it is beautiful.

A man who deplored the calculating temperament of his friend

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said to him: "You need to read more poetry, to feel the thrill and beauty of it. Let me read you some lines you can't resist"—and then he began, "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward—"

"Wait a minute," said the mathematical man, breaking in, "now, why didn't the poet say a league and a half in the first place and be done with it?"

Some things exceed this kind of calculation. When some dear heart with expectant mother love makes the great adventure into the valley of pain and comes back from the perilous journey bearing in her arms a precious babe and in her eyes a new light and in her heart a new joy, it is one of the holy hours in human life; and yet the beauty of it can be violated by this creature who thinks only in measurements and blurts out,

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“How much does it weigh?” The Mayflower was a little craft with a tonnage pitifully small. Measured by length and breadth and depth it was a ridiculous cockle-shell of a boat. But measured by the Puritan influence in American life it is the most important ship that ever touched our shores. The symbol of the nation is not a map but a flag. The heart is stirred not by a citation of our millions in population or the number of square miles over which our banner flies. The flag awakens gratitude for the institutions and ideals the nation represents and the memories also of heroes who have made its stars shine more resplendent with their unsullied honor, the stripes more white by their vicarious sacrifice, more crimson with their blood.

The man with the measuring line knows how many battleships, how

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much aircraft, how big an army is needed for defense, though it is not clear whom we are to defend ourselves against. Alongside this let us remember the rapidity with which America got into action and gave an account of herself in the World War. It surprised Europe. The testimony of Ibanez is illuminating. Expressing amazement that civilians could be so quickly put into military service, he said, "This leads to the idea that a vigorous, free, educated people, even though it live in peace, can organize itself for war with more rapidity and intelligence than those automatons subjected to military despotism, who after forty years of mechanical discipline and painstaking preparations are in the end defeated." Sometimes the statistician miscalculates. Our safest defense is to build up these character-making institutions of a

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free people. There are spiritual considerations to be taken into account. There are thoroughly patriotic people who have felt it was just as much an evidence of one hundred per cent Americanism to listen to the prophet of God as it was to trail after the man with a measuring line. Versailles, Geneva, Locarno—they mark stations on the path by which a weary humanity has made its way to a better world order. The United States has shown a disposition to help when the prophet's voice has been heard. The solution of the problems of the world lies not primarily in the direction of economical adjustments and political agreements but in the spiritual realm. Only a return to faith and prayer and reverence, a sense of God and accountability to him, will heal the broken heart of humanity, awaken once more the generous feeling of

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fellowship among the nations, furnish the stamina to endure the sufferings our ignorance and hatred have brought upon us, and enable us to patiently labor for the dawning of a new day.

A little French girl wrote this essay: "There is a river in France so narrow that a bird could fly over it with one waft of its wings and men could even speak across it. There are thousands of people on each side of this river and yet they are as far apart as right is from wrong. There is an ocean so wide that the sea gulls cannot fly over it and big liners take days to cross it. There are thousands of people on each side of this ocean and yet they are so close that their hearts touch."

It is possible to build a sense of comradeship among the nations which passes over geographical boundaries.

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It is not an easy task. We must "seek peace and pursue it." We have dreamed of it and prayed for it. More is required. It must be taught the peoples of the earth persistently. The idea that war is inevitable and necessary must be displaced by the conviction that there is a better way. It is the way of peace. It recognizes human brotherhood. It rests on the Golden Rule. "Peace on earth to men of good will." Those who build this spirit into all international relationships and thus become peacemakers shall indeed have a right to be called the children of God.

The prophet declared our defense is not in walls but in God. Our safety is not in cannons but in conscience and character. Our strength is not in what we have but in what we are. Our greatness is in service. This is what David meant when he exulted,

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"God is our refuge and strength,"
and concerning the city of God
declared, "God is in the midst of her ;
she shall not be moved : God shall help
her, and that right early." This is
what John Newton saw when he
wrote

"Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear ;
For a glory and a covering
Showing that the Lord is near."

This is the conviction that moved
Robert Burns, who, after presenting
an immortal picture of the family
altar, caught up the prophet's vision
of the long ago and made it applicable
to our present problems :

"Oh Scotia, my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to heaven
is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health and peace and sweet
content.

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And oh ! may Heaven their simple lives
 prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile.
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be
 rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while
And stand a wall of fire around their
 much-loved Isle."

A RIVER THAT RUNS UP HILL

ALL the rivers we know flow downhill. Sometimes the descent is hardly perceptible and they move in sullen silence, and sometimes they hurry with swift current that fills the glen and forest with turbulent music. But Isaiah seems to suggest that in the religious realm we find a reversal of this order. He tells us of a stream that flows the other way. His times were similar to ours. A crisis was on the nation. A decadent spiritual life blighted the people. A decline of worship was apparent. Yet in spite of these retrograde tendencies he maintained a dominant, conquering faith; and through all the tumult of his surroundings he discerned a movement upward. The Lord's house

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upon the top of the mountains becomes the meeting place of the nations. "But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and people shall flow unto it."

We are accustomed to say that the rivers find their way to the sea because of the power of gravitation. But where do the rivers come from? Answer: Out of the sky! But how did all this water get into the sky?

When an inch of rain falls over one square mile, over seventy thousand tons of water is required. In our city there are sixty-seven square miles, and the annual rainfall is thirty inches. Over one hundred and forty million tons of water is supplied in precipitation. Yet no one complains of a deluge, and the city provides a waterworks system in addition to the

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one gratuitously furnished by nature! When we ask how this water gets into the sky, we are conscious of the presence of a power we cannot see; but we know it is operating. An enormous energy is pulling upward. A veritable river runs up hill—its channel unseen, its torrents gathered from ocean, lake and marsh in the tiniest drops of mist and vapor; recruited by the sun, marshaled by the winds into clouds and sent back in showers to bless the earth.

In vegetation the movement is upward. Leaves fade and flowers wither and in autumn it appears that nature's intentions have been defeated. But look again: spring is here! And each year witness more leaves and more flowers to grace the landscape with beauty.

Man moves upward. He turns the grain into a loaf of bread and thus

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lifts it into a higher realm, for it becomes the physical basis of life. His genius transforms the hollow log into an ocean liner, the stone tablet becomes the modern library, the wild rose develops into the American Beauty, and the marble in the quarry is lifted to its place in the Parthenon.

Turning to the religious realm, we may dare believe we are in the presence of forces, invisible but potent, which are pulling humanity upward. "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life," said Jesus in describing his power in a human heart. The life of God in the soul of man is an ebullient and overflowing experience. "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." It is the river of righteousness that flows down the centuries and across the continents. Its cur-

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rent is ever enlarging, its shore lines expanding. The River Nile has its source in the center of Africa, winds its tortuous way through mountainous regions, traverses the Nubian desert, leaps foaming down fierce cataracts, and spreads its flood upon the waiting lowlands of Egypt. Christianity, like the river, has its source in the center of history, sends its current through the rocky defiles of the pagan world, flows across the desolate waste of the Dark Ages, leaps torrential and irresistible down the cataracts of the Reformation, and now spreads its fertilizing flood in blessing throughout the wide expanses of our modern life.

The gospel is the power in history that makes for righteousness. We are in a stream of tendency that flows uphill. We are in a current of spiritual idealism that flows toward the

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throne of God. Evidence of it is found in the spirit of helpfulness so characteristic of our times. Dr. Frank Crane has portrayed the sanctity of service in this tribute to Jane Addams of Hull House:

"There is a river, the streams whereof
 Make glad the city of God!
I went through death to find this thing
 And all through heaven I trod.

"Now, heaven's a wise and wonderful
 place,
But the people are much as we,
So I came back home in sorrow and thirst,
And there one said to me:

" 'Oh fool, you have traveled far to find
 What you've crossed over time and
 again;
For the River of God is in Halsted Street,
And is running black with men.'

" 'Then maybe Chicago's the City of God?'
Said I. 'Perhaps,' said he;
'For to find that city you need no wings
 To fly, but eyes to see.'

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"And low in the rushes the River sings,
And sweet is its spirit lure,
For it waters the joys of loving and living
That grow in the hearts of the poor.

"So I took me a place in the city slums
Where the River runs night and day,
And there I sit 'neath the Tree of Life
And teach the children to play.

"And ever I soil my hands in the River,
And ever it cleans my soul;
As I draw from the deep with the Silver
Cord
And I fill the Golden Bowl."¹

During the World War we believed that the Red Triangle was the church in action. The Red Cross was the noblest insignia ever worn by Christian chivalry. To go forth on land and sea and make the world safe for democracy, and thus register stern reproof against man's inhumanity to man and give heroic

¹ From *Lame and Lovely*, Forbes and Company, Chicago, publishers. Used by permission of author.

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avowal to liberty and justice as the privileges of all people, seemed to us the most colossal expression of Christian sentiment the world had ever witnessed. Yet there were those who said that Christianity had failed. That was a superficial view of Christian evidences. There has been some recession from this idealism. Prophets of evil have warned us of coming disaster. We have heard of the "literature of despair." We are told another "Dark Ages" is approaching. We are informed by H. G. Wells that our civilization is a race between education and catastrophe and the outcome is uncertain. Of his time, Matthew Arnold wrote:

"The sea of faith

Was once too at the flood and round
earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright garment
furled.

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But now I hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind—down the vast edges
drear
And naked shingles of the world."

This is the sobbing music of defeat and dismay. There are those who profess to hear this sad refrain in our own time. But the prophet of the long ago said, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged." A great scholar has told us that the very power of endurance exhibited by humanity under the ordeal of the last decade is evidence that our civilization is not sick unto death. Life currents of cleansing power still flow. These waters, refreshing the spirits of men and women, will lave the shores of eternity, and the music of the river's flow will yet furnish accompaniment to the anthems of the redeemed.

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The sun's energy draws the moisture into the sky. So the personality of Jesus Christ draws men unto him. It is the "Lord's house" that is upon the mountain. The nations flow unto it because it is the house of the Lord. The character of God as revealed by Jesus of Nazareth inspires comradeship upon the higher levels of thought and action. There is contagion in his conduct. The abundant life is epidemic. Dr. Maltie D. Babcock once prayed, "O God, we have seen in Jesus Christ and in some people we know the kind of a life we want to live." To awaken in the individual the desire to be Christlike and make that desire universal in society is God's program for the world. Nothing influences life more than the touch of another life. "Pippa passes"—a little girl goes singing down the street. But what momentous issues

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are decided by what seems an inconsequential thing! A rebuke was administered, lives were transformed, destinies changed because the message of the song was jubilant—

“God’s in his heaven :

All’s right with the world.”

A great religious leader of England was back of the lines in Flanders. He came where the battle had passed in all its fury. Here he found the prostrate form of a lad he knew. As he turned the face over and saw the tell-tale mark upon his forehead from which the crimson life flood had ebbed away, the mute lips seemed to say, “This is my body which was broken for you.” The sacrifices for others in our time have a definite relation to the Great Sacrifice of the long ago. Men have entered into the fellowship of his sufferings. All life

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has become more sacred and all service more sacramental because modern history has been written in crimson.

Looking backward we see the Acropolis at Athens set in hills of amethyst, and here the people flocked for instruction; or the golden Temple at Jerusalem, and thither the tribes went up; but looking forward we see a gathering of greater multitudes: "Many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, . . . And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

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IN a Western city the Union Station was burned to the ground. In the downtown portion of the city this disaster occasioned for a time the utmost confusion. Train schedules were abandoned and temporary quarters to house the traveling public were improvised. The work of rebuilding this Union Station has covered a decade of time. The present structure is spacious and beautiful and fit to accommodate the millions who pass through this great gateway to the West. The interesting thing about this incident is the fact that the new station and much of the trackage that enters it are upon a higher elevation. A world catastrophe visited our planet. The material loss and wreck-

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age were staggering. Even more tragic was the spiritual crisis. The task of rebuilding the world is upon this generation. The important matter is to see to it that the traffic of the new day shall be put upon a higher level than that of yesterday.

"Change and decay in all about I see." Not necessarily. What looks like debris and confusion may be the assembling of material for a new construction. Out of the noise and apparent disorganization may emerge a splendid purpose. Blue prints may be translated into steel and stone. We need not be alarmed because times change. There is no occasion for a paralysis of fear and panic when readjustments are necessary. Perhaps no period has witnessed greater changes than our own. It is not surprising that men have been bewildered. The fact of change should

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be used as a challenge. In all this welter of opinion and discussion and dismay because old forms have been broken up and new forces impinge upon human life, we are to see our opportunity for building a new world order. What idea shall dominate tomorrow? What motive shall control the heart of man? What ideal will capture the imagination and the enthusiasm of this generation so that life may be put upon a higher level? The outcome is with Christian people. The forces of the Kingdom need to organize the thinking and living of of these changing times upon a basis of goodwill.

There is a very interesting passage in Paul's letter to the Church at Corinth.

"The interval has been shortened:

"Let those who have wives live as if they had none,

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“Let mourners live as if they were not mourning,

“Let the joyful live as if they had no joy,

“Let buyers live as if they had no hold on their goods,

“Let those who mix in the world live as if they were not engrossed in it, for the present phase of things is passing away” (Moffatt).

Jesus had said concerning the Temple of the Jews that the time would come when there would not be left one stone upon another. That Temple stood as a symbol of security. His disciples did not see how such a thing as this might ever come. Then those early Christians began to feel themselves in the grip of a powerful and merciless political situation. Rome began to look upon these Christians with suspicion and hatred. They killed Jesus, they killed James, they

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imprisoned John and Paul. Stones overturned—it began to look as though it were possible. What was the meaning of it? How could that little handful of followers cope with such a situation? Then they remembered that Jesus had promised to come again. That would bring deliverance—at least they thought so. Why did he not come? Therefore questions arose that had to do with conduct. In the midst of their dangerous surroundings how could they maintain their Christian ideals? They asked Paul certain questions concerning meat offered to idols, the faith of Christians who died before Christ returned to the world, baptism, marriage. Paul's letter to this church at Corinth is in answer to many of these questions. He had labored in this city for a year and a half. It was not only a commercial center but the

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pagan life of the ancient world was daily manifest. Paul wrote his letter to Rome from the city of Corinth, and the first chapter of that letter to Rome relates some of the immorality which was daily visible to Paul as he walked Corinthian streets. In the city was the Temple of Aphrodite, the goddess of lust and love. Herein a thousand women were kept. One need not wonder that Corinthian Christians raised questions as to how to live in such surroundings.

Paul answers that the way to meet this social environment is with a supremacy of Christian conviction. He specifies certain human interests and calls for their subordination to the claims of God upon the soul. He asks for a splendid loyalty to Christ.

Concerning the family, "Let those with wives live as if they had none." Strange recommendation surely. We

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regard the family as an important institution. All that Paul meant to say was this, that duty to God is paramount. It is the same thing that Jesus said, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? They that do the will of my Father who is in heaven." There are great moral issues which have power to supersede even the claims of the home. The government did not hesitate to enter the sacred circle of family relationships when it was imperiled and in need of men to fight its battles. The kingdom of God must be regarded as having authority to command our allegiance.

Then sorrow, "Let mourners live as if they were not mourning." When trouble comes we are tempted to feel that all the world should pause and weep. To expect it is unreasonable, but the heart cries out for sympathy.

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In the midst of our sorrows we find ourselves caught up with duties which give us scant time for tears, and it seems an unjust arrangement. Some day, however, we will thank God that there were responsibilities which thus had power to call us away from our anguish. Paul means that there is something imperative and compelling in Christian duty that will not let us indulge in our personal griefs and grow morbid in the midst of them.

Joy—"Let the joyful live as though they had no joy." Pleasures likewise must be subordinated to duty.

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower—the bloom is shed;
Or like a snowflake on the river,
A moment white—then gone forever."

There is something pathetic in the modern craze for amusement. An enormous bill is run up in America

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every year by paying entertainers to keep us laughing and good-natured. There is something more important than being happy, says Paul—it is to be holy.

Likewise in business, "Let buyers live as if they had no hold on their goods." To many persons, business is not a livelihood; it is life. It marks the center and circumference of their activities. Success is measured by wealth. The one who amasses a fortune is considered a hero. Yet how insecure is material possession! In the midst of the world's commerce we need to remember the words of James: "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain. Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a

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little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that." This is part of that same ideal which Jesus stated when he said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness."

As for society, "Let those who mix with the world live as though they were not engrossed in it." To be a "good mixer" has been the ambition of many. Our organizations make this possible. Men become engrossed in committees, and clubs, and public welfare until a ceaseless round of duties consumes their time, takes their strength, robs them of all proper leisure, and leaves them nervous wrecks. Then they begin setting-up exercises and psychology in order to keep fit. If as much time as is being spent upon the body were given to the culture of the soul through meditation

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and prayer, and devotional exercises, America would witness a revival of religion.

What was the result of such exhortation from Paul? With all their problems in Corinth he saw their possibilities. In spite of their difficulties, he believed in them. His salutation to them was "called to be saints." To them he wrote the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, which is the most exalted ethical strain outside of the Gospels to be found in all the Bible. To them he wrote the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, which is the most convincing argument on immortality that has ever been penned. To them he poured out his soul in patient instruction and impassioned appeal. These and others like them answered to such sentiments. They abandoned themselves to these high ideals. They

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gave testimony of their faith in the midst of leaping flames and upon bloody sands. They turned back the tides of paganism. They so impressed the life with which they were surrounded that a new era was introduced in history—a "Christian era."

"They met the tyrants' brandished steel,
The lions' gory mane;
They bowed their heads the stroke to feel;
Who follows in their train?
They climbed the steep ascent to heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

There is no way for us to change the times in which we live except by matching their faith and their faithfulness. For us "the interval is shortened." Was Paul thinking of the second coming of Christ? No matter. Two thousand years have gone by. The practical bearing of

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such a statement is that the interval is shortened for each one of us every day in which we live. Ours is a constantly diminishing allotment of time. What we do we must do quickly. Soon death comes, lips are silent, opportunity is gone.

A clock-maker in a European village was asked to build a time-piece for the city. One of the specifications was that across the face of the clock some suitable sentiment should be printed. There was a difference of opinion among the commissioners as to what this sentiment should be. The clock was ready to set in place and repeatedly the maker of the clock called upon the commissioners to secure a statement which they desired imprinted across its face. His insistence that this be given finally became irritating. When their meeting was interrupted one

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day by the coming of the clock-maker, the door was slammed in his face with the irate remark, "Go about your business." He, supposing this was the sentiment which they had desired should adorn the clock, placed it where all might see and read. "Go about your business" may be read across the face of every clock. Time is passing. For us the interval is shortened, "the present phase of things is passing away." Will it be for better or for worse?

Woodrow Wilson, in one of his last messages to America, declared that our civilization cannot survive materially unless it is redeemed spiritually; it can be saved only by being permeated by the spirit of Christ.

In James Madison's *Journal of the Constitutional Convention* there is recorded the story that near the end of their deliberations Benjamin Frank-

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lin called attention to a picture upon the wall where the sun was in the sky but a short distance above the horizon. He said that as they had deliberated throughout this convention which formulated the Constitution for the new republic, his eye had frequently rested upon this picture and it seemed to him to typify the work which they were doing. He said there had been times when he had wondered whether or not the picture was of a sunrise or a sunset, but now, in the happy consummation of their work, he believed it was a sunrise and the promise of a glorious day for the new nation. Our sky is red. Storm clouds may still be visible, but behind them is the "rich dawn of an ampler day." The Sun of Righteousness shall yet arise with healing in his wings.

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SOME years ago there was a popularity contest in France as to what Frenchman was most entitled to the gratitude of the world. Who was selected? Not Napoleon, who waded to this throne of power through rivers of blood. Not Louis, building the magnificent palace at Versailles. Not Hugo, who was a man of letters and a patriot. The hero of the French was Louis Pasteur, a chemist, who by his investigations, experiments, and discoveries gave the world the basic information concerning germs and ushered in a new era of sanitation and public health, and compelled a new approach to the treatment of disease and the practice of surgery. He added the blessing of longevity to

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humanity. He curbed contagion. He saved little children. He was hailed by the French as the greatest benefactor.

Speaking on the occasion of the opening of the first Pasteur Institute in Paris, Louis Pasteur said, "Two contrary laws are wrestling with each other nowadays—the one law of blood and death ever imagining new means of destruction and forcing nations to constantly be ready for the battlefield—the other the law of peace, work, and health, ever evolving new means of the deliverance of man from the scourges which beset him. The one seeks violent conquests, the other the relief of humanity. The latter places human life above any victory, while the former would sacrifice thousands and thousands of lives to the ambition of one. Which of these two laws will ultimately prevail? God

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alone knows. But we may assert that French science will have tried by obeying the law of humanity to extend the frontiers of life."

"To extend the frontiers of life"—it is an engaging phrase. We live in a world whose horizons have been greatly enlarged in a generation. The peril is that we shall not ourselves be large enough to walk with understanding and familiarity in this spacious planet. Matters that affect continents cannot be decided by minds accustomed to townships. Events of universal import are not appreciated by those who are provincial.

"What do you hear?" asked someone who saw Henry Clay descend from the stage in a gap in the Alleghanies, and stand in a listening attitude.

"I hear the tramp of the coming millions," he replied.

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It sounds melodramatic but the touch of prophesy was in the remark. These millions poured through those gaps in the Alleghanies, filled the Mississippi valley, found their way through the defiles of the Rockies and across the arid wastes of the desert and built the prosperous coast country of the Pacific. Our history has been one of extending frontiers. Even beyond our own borders our lines have gone out into all the world. The sentimental attachments and racial background of each life compels thinking in world terms.

"What is your nationality?" was asked a young man who wanted to join the marines.

"I don't know," he answered.

"This is very strange," said the recruiting officer. "You don't know your nationality? I wish you would explain."

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"Well, it's like this," said the youth.
"My father was an American who married a French woman in Italy. I was born on a Spanish vessel in the English channel. When in Scandinavia my parents died and I was adopted by a German who brought me to this country. I don't know what I am—unless I'm the man without a country."

"You're nothing of the kind," shouted the officer. "You're the League of Nations."

Very certainly the complex of our American citizenship entitles us to look beyond national boundaries for the frontiers of interest and fellowship. America has been pictured as saying,

"Bring me men to match my mountains!

Bring me men to match my plains!

Men with empires in their bosoms,

And new eras in their brains."

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What attitudes have power to push back horizons, extend frontiers, enlarge the boundaries of personality? What encourages catholicity of outlook? What simple measures may be adopted for the cultivation of spiritual stature?

Keep alive the sense of wonder.

It is said the first seven years of childhood represent the acquisition of a greater mass of information than any other equal period of growth. This explains the look of wonder so often found in little children. They daily meet surprise. The world is a marvelous place to them. Would that we might preserve some of that delicious and delightful wonder for the later years and with it build a barrier against disillusionment and sophistication.

The ancient world contained seven wonders. We have recently marveled

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at the splendor of that Egyptian civilization as disclosed by the spade of the archæologist. But our surprise is nothing compared to that which King Tut would experience if he could open his eyes upon our day. He would find seventy times seven wonders of the world. Even a modern Rip Van Winkle, who was aroused from a sleep of twenty years, would rub his eyes at an airplane in the sky.

What wonders we see in progress and in triumph over nature's forces! Robert Fulton lies buried among those graves that surround Trinity Church in lower Manhattan. It is only a few steps to the Hudson River, where people gathered to laugh at his "Claremont" and where now may be seen the shipping of the world. This change has been brought about in the span of a century. In one hundred years also the railroads have been

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laid and have become the common carriers of our travel and freight. The battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812 was fought after the peace treaty had been signed. They did not know it in New Orleans. Now wires and cables flash the events of the world's life instantaneously to the remotest quarters, and the radio has disclosed the fact that we live in a vibrant universe. Less than a century ago Chicago consisted of Fort Dearborn and fifteen houses. Now the cross of Christ tops the Temple Building in the loop district and shines over a city of three million people, while fifty million more are within a night's ride of this amazing metropolis of the Middle West. Who does not thrill at the progress made in a life span?

This sense of wonder brings rare pleasure to the soul. It transforms

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the commonplace into the unusual. It deepens the interest in life. Each day may be one of adventure. The quest of the question mark is sure to extend the frontiers of thought and knowledge and sympathy.

Look for the wonder in a child's smile, the radiant splendor of the opalescent dawn, the miracle of flowers, the mystery of winds that flow like cleansing rivers across the earth, the beauty of slanting silver rain, the sparkling delight of winter snow, the purple night with myriads of messengers proclaiming the glory of God, the mighty depths of the ocean with its tides that wash against rocky escarpments and shelving sands, the majesty of mountains whose shining helmets and shields stand like a battalion across the sky. Look for the wonder of prayer and faith and worship. Seek the explanation of in-

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fluence and see if you can trace its bright threads in the pattern of the world. Consider the wonder of divine grace that can put together again the fragments of a broken life. And what more wonderful than love—the trusting love of a little child, the sacrificial love of a mother's devotion, the forgiving love of a father, the love of country that gives its last full measure of devotion, the love of God that sanctifies and beautifies all it touches with its cleansing power. "The greatest of these is love."

Cultivate the love of truth.

We have witnessed strange turbulence among the peoples of the earth. Maps have been changed. Governments have been overthrown. New constitutions have been written. Armies have gone forth in conquest. Why this restlessness? When analyzed it may prove to be a desire for

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freedom—more freedom. “O liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!” exclaimed Madame Roland. Yes—and what heroism also! Some of the most dramatic hours in human history are those which record the struggle for liberty. The desire for freedom is the desire to extend the frontiers of life.

Bishop Robert McIntyre brought a patriotic oration to its climax with these words: “What is the sweetest sound in all this earth? Is it the clink of the ice on a wine-goblet’s brink at a banquet where old friends meet? Sweeter than that. Is it a flute on a moonlit lake where every mossy crag makes answer to the strain? Sweeter than that. Is it the song of sailors swinging in the halyards, under the blossoming stars, chanting ‘home-ward Ahoy!’? Sweeter than that. Is it the minstrelsies of the black, in

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the rice-swamps, when the day is done, lilting those melodies that make your heart like wax within your breast? Sweeter than that. Is it the queen of the opera taking up the jeweled audience of a great city to heaven's gate with the magic of her art? Sweeter than that. Is it Ole Bull with his gray head on his violin drawing that diamond bow dripping with silvery notes at every stroke? Sweeter than that. Is it the laughter of your own baby boy when you toss him into the plum-blossoms in June and catch him chuckling in your arms? Sweeter than that. The sweetest sound in earth or heaven, the sound that hushes all the harps and lutes of the angels in the glory world, and bids them lean and listen, is the din of broken shackles falling from the slaves."

How are men made free? By the

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truth. When the battle is joined it is not with iron but ideals. Not guns and armament and battleships but principles decide the course of history. Revolutions are wrought by truth. "The truth shall make you free." It alone can break the bondage of the soul and set it on the road to discovery and adventure. It has power to extend the frontiers. Nothing else can liberate us from those ignorant fears that arise from superstition, from those narrowing influences which spring from prejudice, from that slavery of spirit that is wrought by sin. This alone has power to deliver man, as Louis Pasteur said, from the scourges that beset him. There is a world of mystery around us inviting our investigation. Our inquiry is challenged. To let the terror of the unknown settle on the soul reduces life to groveling servitude. We are

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expected to break through these barriers that enthrall, and embrace all revelations of truth which enlarge and extend the frontiers of vision and experience. "The word of God is not bound" exulted Paul. Though his body was fettered, he had comfort in the release of his message for world-wide circulation, and his soul went in triumph on that mighty errand.

Preserve the spirit of faith.

Faith ever has stood as the adventure of the soul. It is the protest against conservatism. It is the call to worthy achievement. There is something vital and victorious in it. It is not a blind and hesitant going into the dark but an open-eyed and confident going into the light. It gives personality an indomitable quality. It is the disposition to accept no defeat as final. It is uncon-

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querable. Wonder may excite the imagination and the love of truth stimulate all intellectual processes, but faith stirs the moral pulse and calls into action those intuitions and impulses that move us to duty and worship and God. "This is the victory that overcometh the world—even our faith," and this is true whether it be the spirit or worldliness or the world as an area to be possessed through conquest. Faith has sailed strange seas, discovered new continents, found the meaning of nature's resources, pressed back the limitations which have restricted man. It is the moving energy in the individual that finds its way out into widening horizons.

Faith may also be thought of as a figure of speech. When we speak of the "faith of our fathers" or of the "defenders of the faith" it is

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metonymy—one word which stands for the whole of the message with all its implications and applications. We become conscious of those expanding frontiers that are the genius of Christianity. We see the golden goal which Washington Gladden described: "The end of Christianity is twofold—a perfect man in a perfect society." We are caught up in this movement. We feel the lift of this tide. We see twelve disciples multiplied to millions, the Holy Land reaching out to all continents and islands of the sea, the One who had not where to lay his head now housed in numberless churches in every land. To join life with such enlarging interests makes life itself large.

When Leland Stanford decided to erect a great university as a memorial to his son he visited Doctor Eliot, then president of Harvard, and ex-

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plained his desire, sought his counsel and asked, "What will it take to place another Harvard University out there on the Pacific Coast?" And Doctor Eliot replied, "The first thing it will take is three hundred years of history." There is a value that accrues through time more significant than endowment and buildings. The remark was a tribute to the place that sentiment holds as one of the influential factors in life.

Faith becomes effective as a social force through the medium of sentiment. It registers in influence. It is felt by a community. Thus spiritualized and motivated by Christ public sentiment becomes a power in history and in our own times that makes for righteousness. It is the inner conviction of Christian people becoming articulate, the soul of a Christian society vocalized, the power

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of Christ become visible in laws and reforms and institutions of charity and learning. It is the faith of the individual, in cooperation with the faith of others, moving to accomplish the evangelization of the world. The kingdom of heaven thus permeates the community.

By this expansion it shall finally include all mankind. Catching such a noble objective for one's life sets the soul to singing—

“Oh may I join the choir invisible—
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence:
 live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night
 like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge
 man's search
To vaster issues. . . . May I reach

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That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

THE FINE ART OF LIVING

THE theme of the fine arts has always been a fascinating one. In the realm of music we find an ancient minstrel telling us of the time the morning stars sang together, a Saint Cecilia listening to the notes of a heavenly choir, a company fingering harp strings and organ keys seeking the "lost chord" which, when once heard, vibrates in the soul until it is found in the "grand amen." In the realm of beauty we find man quickened by the glories of the spring with its swelling buds and nesting birds, or autumn with its rich vesture of cloth of gold, the scenes of home and happiness, then realizing these are fleeting visions, he catches up his pigments and brushes and spreads their beauty on the canvas, where it re-

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mains to bless mankind. Entering the realm of architecture we see man's progress from the rude cave of primitive man to the modern home with its comfort and convenience, to great public buildings also—the state house where laws are made, the university where truth is sought, the church and cathedral where God is worshiped, buildings of noble structure where towering ceiling, spanning arches and splendid colonnades unite their beauty and their strength. In sculpture too man lifts the rugged marble from the quarry and under the magic blows of hammer and chisel fashions it into the symmetry and beauty of the human form divine.

It were interesting also to visit those lands which have contributed to the fine arts; to Greece, that country scarcely larger than one's thumb nail upon the map, yet the center of the

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fine arts in the ancient world; or to Italy at the time of the Renaissance, that period when men, roused from the sleep of the Dark Ages, in the invigorating air of their intellectual morning carved statues, painted pictures, and built cathedrals which have been the despair of modern artists.

The masters of the fine arts are an inspiring study. Reading of them we learn how Rosa Bonheur painted animals, Turner landscapes, and Raphael and his contemporaries the saints. We discover Michael Angelo in his painstaking attention to detail in the belief that "trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle." We enter that noble pile called Saint Paul's Cathedral in London and read the tablet within to the architect Sir Christopher Wren, "Would you see his monument—look around you." Standing by Handel, who is pouring

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forth his soul in oratorios on the organ, we catch the glint of tears upon his face. The masters of the fine arts are a glorious company.

The finest art of all is the art of living. If a fine art is the expression of those æsthetic qualities of the soul in the artistic forms of painting and music and sculpture and architecture, then surely it is more creditable to express these impulses in life itself. It is a great thing to build a cathedral but it is a greater thing to build character. It is a noble work to manipulate hammer and chisel on marble or shape metal to instruments of beauty and usefulness, but it is nobler still to believe that

“Life is not an idle ore
But heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered by the strokes of doom
To shape and use.”

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It is fine to hold pallet and brush and see the canvas grow in loveliness, but finer still to transform a dull and commonplace environment into an experience that is radiant with something celestial. It is wonderful to touch harp strings or flute till their pure notes tremble in melody and inspire the heart to desire better things, but it is more wonderful to open the floodgates of music in another's heart and make life a continual song.

Who are the masters of this art? They are masters indeed. We are told "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The profoundest problem we ever have to solve is that of our own being. Our severest battles are those of the heart, our fiercest foemen are our appetites and passions, our choicest

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victories are those over self. The government has placed certain restrictions in the law beyond which we cannot go. The church prescribes its high standards for our conduct. The home sets up its teaching for our guidance. But he who is truly master of his own life will be more strict with his passions, more careful of his conduct, more exacting in his demand for virtue than home or church or state. The determining factor in destiny is not necessarily heredity or environment or fortune. It lies in the human breast. If the proverb be true we may visit the battlefields where lives have been lost in crimson conflict, wealth expended in campaigns, cities razed in siege and storm, and as the heroes pass catch a wisp from their laurels and bind these into a garland of praise; we may sprinkle it over with jewels from these same battlefields

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using blood-drops for rubies, sweat-drops for pearls, and tear-drops for diamonds, but still our tribute will be too tawdry to press on the brow of the moral hero, the man who has mastered himself. "He that ruleth his spirit" is greater "than he that taketh a city."

The mastery of man is seen in the supremacy of personal power over every other manifestation of power. When God created man and placed him in the garden he said, "Have dominion." But he also said, "Subdue it." Mastery of the creatures and forces of the earth and sky and sea was not a gift but a goal. Man was to be the "lord of creation," but he had to earn the title.

The history of man is the story of this conquest. The growth of civilization is the growth of this supremacy. It records how man has reached into

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the sky and plucked from it the secrets of the universe; how he has dug in the earth and drawn therefrom its harvests and vintage, its treasure of mineral and jewels. It tells how he has torn down the mountains to lay his highways. It recites how he has made rivers grind his grist. He has harnessed the winds to drive his ships and do his menial work. The beasts of the field have been made to do his bidding. Progress itself is the cumulation of the personal power of the ages: each generation building on the foundation of the former, each arguing from the premise of the former, each using as a starting-point the goal of the former.

Which is greater, the sun, one million three hundred thousand times larger than our earth, holding the planets in his mighty leash and supplying them with radiance and

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energy, or man who catches one of the tiny rays of light and by his analysis tells you of what substance the sun is made? Which is greater—that mysterious power called steam which will struggle like a maniac when bound or the man who holds a throttle over it and compels it to turn factory wheels or carry life and commerce over shining rails and trackless sea? Which is greater—the lightnings' lurid flash and thunderous peal that men once thought to be the voice of Jove or man who contrives a lasso with a kite string and drags the monster to the earth and makes it his errand boy and servant in countless helpful ways? Back of every invention that has been devised or every force that has been employed or every achievement that history has recorded we discern the master mind and master hand of man.

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There is also an indication of the mastery of man in the fact that we create the world in which we live. The world is not found ready-made but waits to receive its color, temper, and tone from our views, opinions, activities. Personality stamps itself on all we touch. The world is a mirror in which we see ourselves.

When Coleridge saw a glacier he referred to it as a "silent cataract of frozen splendor singing the eternal praise of God." But it is said another Englishman once saw a glacier and after adjusting his monocle remarked, "All that ice would bring a lot of money in Calcutta in a hot season, bah Jove!" There was no difference in the glacier. The difference was in the men.

Napoleon led his army near the pyramids and with a wave of his imperial hand said, "Soldiers of France,

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three thousand years of human history are looking down upon you." That was the vision of a world conqueror. A real estate man who encircled the globe was asked if he visited Egypt and saw the pyramids, and, "What did you think of the pyramids?" He replied, "They are badly out of repair." That was the vision of a rent collector.

In the commonest things we reveal ourselves. The pessimist often pictures a world going to the devil when in reality he is bilious. We make the world in which we live and it does not behoove us to complain much of it. Deeds determine destiny. An act is a record but it is also a prospectus of to-morrow's experience. Tides that go out come back again. Seeds that are scattered bring their harvest. Jacob deceives his father to obtain the birthright and is in turn deceived by

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his own sons. David defiles himself with Bathsheba, and Solomon, his son, keeps a court of concubines. The Jews cry, "Crucify him—his blood be on 'us and our children!" and God takes them at their word; and, behold, a Roman army razes their city to the ground, tramples under foot its splendors, fills its streets with blood. Louis cries, "I am the state"—and thus strikes a blow at the common people; but is answered by the mob that cries, "Down with the Bastille—long live the republic!"

The trend we give to life to-day will be its drift to-morrow. We are the architects of life's building, the generals of its campaign, the makers of the world in which we live.

How become a master of this finest art—the art of living?

First an *ideal*. This is the creature of the mind. It is the conception of

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what we may be. By it life's forces may be directed. A preview is as necessary as a review. Memory of the past influences conduct but not more than hope for the future. "Where there is no vision the people perish." In every landscape there is perspective, in every view a vanishing point where the real and knowable fades in the dim haze of distance into the unknown. Yonder beyond that horizon is the land of dreams and visions and ideals. What wonderful things happen there! With what strength we are possessed! What victories we win! What castles we build! What a boon at times to let imagination take wings!

We need more idealists. The power to visualize a better world and then the disposition to summon all our energies to overtake the vision is something all might properly covet.

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The idealist believes a great truth should have application here and now. He seizes the thing that is in the sky and clothes it in flesh and blood and teaches it to walk among men. Assailing such a position the realist ever appears. Joseph saw coming greatness, but in speaking of it aroused the enmity of his brothers, who sneered at him as a "dreamer." But his dream came true. David, with high-wrought indignation at the blatant mouthings of Goliath, who defied the armies of Israel, essays to go forth and slay the giant and his brothers accuse him of "naughtiness." They said their little brother had run away from home. But he saved a great cause. The Puritans who felt the restrictions of oppression and braved the terrors of an angry sea and an unknown land that they might worship God as they pleased were called

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"fanatics." John Brown was regarded as a "crank." Men killed him but his soul goes marching on. If to-day idealists labor for a stainless flag and a warless world they can well afford the charge of having a hobby. It is the idealist who has ever led the race to new altitudes. He has been willing to suffer reproach and abuse because in his heart he believed that

"Right is right since God is God
And right the day will win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Another thing that enters into a masterful life is a *purpose*. This is the creature of the will. Given an ideal, there is needed determination to make it real. That purpose must be strong enough to override all discouragement, patient enough to endure though triumph be delayed.

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Character and career are shaped by the energies that are awakened within and are addressed to future achievement. There are those who insist the past determines the course of human conduct. That heredity is a potent influence none will deny. But destiny is a more portentous word than descent. The poet Wordsworth in his "Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Childhood" pictures the child coming into the world "trailing clouds of glory." It is more important that this child grown to maturity and beautiful with the accumulated virtues of the years shall go out into eternity trailing the clouds of glory. Scientists have been busy for many years in their efforts to find the "missing link" that would bind man to a lower order of creation. That is not so important as to find the golden link which will bind him to a

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higher order of life. In Jesus Christ the sons of earth may become the children of God.

Those who search for the underlying secret of Christ's masterful life will discover a mighty purpose that looked forward and not backward, an inexorable obedience to the heavenly Father's will. Time and again he turned from what seemed pleasurable to answer the stern demands of duty. On the Mount of Transfiguration it was no doubt as good for him to be there as it was for Peter, but his life motto was, "I come to do thy will, O God," and so he turned his back on the cloud that was radiant and trembled with heavenly communion and he sought out a demonized boy in the valley and brought relief to him. On that triumphal march to Jerusalem no doubt the "hosannas" of the multitude made music in his ears, and

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coming into the city he might easily have ridden on that wave of popular sentiment to a place of worldly power, but a larger purpose to do the Father's will induced him to turn his back on all that men offered, and he sought the seclusion and hospitality of the little house in Bethany.

A river's chief business is to flow. How intently it fulfills this mission. Its channels may be lined with flowers and ferns in summer or by barren trees and drifted snow in winter; its waters may run swift or slow, carry the golden leaves of autumn or be burdened with tons of imprisoning ice, the river may trickle over pebbles in the shallows or fill its banks and the lowlands with swollen stream, may be retarded by eddies or resisted by a projecting point of land or feel the swirl of an angry undercurrent, but it flows resistlessly. Even so should

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life feel the power of an unyielding purpose.

Another element that makes a masterful life is *enthusiasm*. This is the creature of the heart. It is the product of the emotions. It is well to think clearly and be definite in decision, but if life becomes rich and rewarding it is necessary to feel deeply. The mind may conceive the ideal and the will purpose to make it real, but the heart must bring its gift of enthusiasm before the work is done. Emerson said, "Enthusiasm is the height of man; it is the passing from the human to the divine." One cannot lead without enthusiasm. He cannot be master in his own life unless his own heart is profoundly stirred.

No great religious awakening has ever taken place that has not been an appeal to the emotions. You may convince men by the cold logical pro-

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cesses of the intellect but they cannot be converted to any great cause without an appeal to the heart. It was not John the mystic but Peter the zealot who preached the Pentecostal sermon. It was not Erasmus the intellectual giant of the Reformation period, but Luther the passionate enthusiast who broke the powers of a corrupted ecclesiasticism and changed the channel of history. It was not Bishop Butler with his *Analogy*, that monumental work on Christian evidences, but Wesley preaching an experimental religion who turned back the tides of infidelity in England and purified the island with a genuine revival. Men have been disposed to sneer at the emotions, but in assaying those values that make character the feelings are as real a factor as thoughts or choices.

The psychologists used to say there

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were three elements within the soul of man: the mind, the will, the heart; the intellect, volition and emotion; the power to think, the power to choose, the power to feel. These elements of a masterful life correspond to these psychological qualities. An ideal is the conception of the mind, a purpose the expression of the will, enthusiasm the product of the emotions. A master of this finest art will develop a symmetrical character. He will find in Jesus Christ the perfect ideal, the spiritual energy and the warmth which make possible his highest attainment. He will find in the Master the secret of mastery.

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